

## ALLIES WILL SPURN ANY GERMAN SUGGESTION OF PEACE AT THIS TIME

(BY H. D. S.)

THAT GERMANY, after winning some tremendous victories, would let it be known that she would hear proposals of peace, was predicted by The Herald very soon after the war started. That Germany could be crushed or overwhelmingly defeated, or reduced to a minority factor in peace negotiations, was then and still is unthinkable. For the allies to spurn peace overtures will only prolong the war; it will not materially change (except among themselves) the final result, or aid the cause of a more stable and more extended period of peace.

Germany cannot win, and she will not lose. The final result no matter how long the war goes on, will be a "dogfight." There is a new adjustment to be made, but any notion that Germany can be permanently subordinated is idle. She too has learned her lesson, and must adjust her international policies to established conditions. But Germany still has tremendous powers of resistance and aggression, and she will retain them in large degree in spite of all that the allies will accomplish.

England is fighting to retain her supremacy. Russia is intent on getting an open way to the Mediterranean, and greater power in the Balkans. Italy has high national aspirations which she will not drop until forced. France will ultimately be freed of invaders. The future of Belgium is in doubt. The other allies are ready to quit any time.

Turkey will be used to trade with and trade on. So far she has made a terrific fight and shown unexpected resistance; but there is a definite limit to Germany's ability or willingness to assist her, and between Russia and England the downfall of Turkey is certain to come. It is only a question of time.

Austria-Hungary seems to have recovered herself in large measure. Assailed from all sides, her latent patriotism has been stirred, factionalism quieted to some degree, and the empire appears to be a more formidable antagonist today than six months ago.

Germany and Austria-Hungary have won in Galicia the greatest victory of the whole war. The final defeat of the Russian plan of invasion is the most crushing blow the allies have received in the war. Russia cannot recover from this disaster for many months.

German soil has been invaded at only two points—in East Prussia and lower Alsace—and in neither case is the break serious.

On the other hand, German troops occupy Belgium, northeastern France, western Poland, and a bit of territory in the Baltic provinces of Russia. Their hold on industrial Europe is immensely important, both by strengthening Germany and weakening the allies.

In a military and in an economic sense, the advantage in the war up to date is all with the Central Empires. The Germans may not be opening peace negotiations, as reported; but if they are, they can do so with no sacrifice of national prestige. It is reasonable to assume that Germany may have taken advantage of the complete success of the drive in Galicia, the defeat of the Russians, and the successful resistance against all attempts of the allies in Belgium and France to break

the German line, and seize the moment to pass the word around that peace proposals will be entertained.

That the allies will yield to the suggestion is less likely. Careful study of the present line-up of the allies will show that many of them are at this moment not so much concerned to smash Germany as they are to gain something for themselves that they have long coveted. This will operate to prolong the war, especially since the allies are all bound not to conclude a separate peace.

As the war goes on, Germany's position will tend to decline, in relation to the combined allies. Britain, especially, is slow to get her maximum forces into action, but her public men and her press have already dropped the big talk of a rush to Berlin and the annihilation of the German empire, and have begun to train the British public to think of the war as a problem of attrition, of slow grinding. But Germany will be able to hold her own to the very end, and will not be crushed. Final peace will be by agreement, not by dictation. And some of the very ambitious powers are going to be very bitterly disappointed.

From now on, the world may expect to read frequent references to tentative terms of peace proposed by the Central Empires, and to the indignant refusal voiced by the allies through official spokesmen. Gradually the distance between the two will be narrowed, and with the frightful losses on all sides and the constant wearing down of national powers, the demand for a cessation of the slaughter will rise higher and higher among the people of the warring countries.

Does anyone remember The Herald's psychological analysis of the war, published last December? We recall here certain stages in the program, with a view to present application:

- "10. Destructive instinct in full play.
- "11. Revival of human feeling.
- "12. Moral heroism.
- "13. Chief period—rulers follow the people.
- "14. Satisfaction.
- "15. Doubt."

There are faint but unmistakable signs that stage 11 is being entered. The development of the successful stages will proceed in due order, as times goes on. The war is well under way. It is far from being ended. The allies do not wish to see it ended until they accomplish certain things.

By the way, hypocrisy isn't dead yet.

There is a picturesque story going the rounds, of detectives chasing all over the west after a man trying to tell him he has been left a fortune by an Australian uncle, with the man continually disappearing as he wanders from farm to farm, working by the day, sleeping in hay lofts, and leaving each place when work slackens, in freight cars. The fortune is reported to be \$750,000 in Australian ranches and stock. It would seem that so much money could find its heir without much trouble, but the detectives lost the man at Lincoln after chasing him 4000 miles. The man is named Alfred J. Bourne, is an Irishman about 50 years old, and has had some trouble for which he has twice been in the hospital lately.

### Short Snatches From Everywhere

"Don't rock the boat," they are saying at Washington. Which is good advice. And don't torpedo it—Tolsted Blade.

Possibly Germany's idea was to take advantage of us while T. R. was tied up in court.—Philadelphia North American.

On account of possible slides and for other reasons the fleet's trip through the canal may be postponed.—Washington Post.

Mexico's useful role was to give the United States the drill and exercise in forbearance that it needed.—Chicago Daily News.

In discussing the sale of munitions it should be borne in mind that Uncle Sam's shop is open to all comers, but he maintains no delivery service.—Indianapolis Star.

Which, in your opinion, is worst, the rip-roaring flamboyant liar who comes right out with it, or the one who tells his falsehood under a veneer of truth?—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Community publicity today is as much a proper charge against the common treasury as are the salaries of county officers, it is a far more legitimate expense.—Albuquerque (N. M.) Herald.

By prohibiting all unassimilated foreign-born persons from fishing and hunting in the state, the Pennsylvania legislature makes it necessary for some sportsmen to go equipped with their birth certificates, marriage certificates and naturalization papers, besides any form of license that Pennsylvania may require, when they want to catch a perch or shoot a rabbit.—Yuma (Ariz.) Sun.

## Chicago University An Illustration Of What America Can Do When She Is In A Real Hurry

BY GEORGE FITCH.

THE University of Chicago is an illustration of what America can do in a hurry when she sets her mind to it.

Twenty-five years ago this university consisted of an aged building, an extinct student body and a rate of progress which made a snail look like a jay rider. About that time John D. Rockefeller decided to oil up the institution and presented it with a corn crib full of securities and a few other things. Harper and Ames also came along.

Rockefeller kept on shipping so much money out to the institution that the freight rates on it were a heavy expense and many other Chicago people

died patriotically and left fortunes to it. It now has a magnificent collection of buildings built on the quadrangle plan and facing the Midway Plaisance, which has a downward good deal since the World's Fair. It has about \$35,000,000 in endowment, a library of half a million volumes and about 7,000 students, including many of the most talented kickers, plungers and jumpers in the country.

Chicago is the only great American university built after a uniform plan of architecture and will be handsomer than Oxford some day when the tooth of time has nibbled at its buildings for a century or so. It is possible for the student at Chicago to spend 100 years in post graduate courses if he has time; and it is also possible for him to array himself in a maroon flag and a loud yell and watch his team take bites out of Wisconsin, Cornell and other prominent institutions of learning; and exercised the football games between Michigan and Chicago were the greatest games in the west and the long peace which has existed between them two institutions is almost as deeply regretted as the present lack of peace in Europe.

## Bedtime Story For The Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the Rubber Plant."

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

"UNCLE WIGGLY, have you very much to do this morning?" asked Nurse Jane. Fuzzy Wuzzy, the mischievous housekeeper, who, with the rabbit gentleman, was staying a few days in a crowd land.

"Why, I don't just know," Uncle Wiggly answered. "If we were in the automobile and I had stopped in this way I should say that the whizzing automobile had turned a somersault over the doodle-oo-dee-um. But, seeing that we are in the airship, I don't rightly know what has happened. At any rate we don't seem able to go up or down."

"Why, no, Nurse Jane, nothing very extra special," Uncle Wiggly replied. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh dear," exclaimed Jimmie. "I'll be late for school and get a bad mark. If we don't go down pretty soon."

"I am sorry," spoke Uncle Wiggly, "but I am afraid that is what will happen. See, Uncle Wiggly, we are right over the hollow stump school. If I could not get down to it. But I can't fly because of my lame wing, and I can't jump because of my sore claw, and you can't lower the airship close to the ground, when I might flop out. Oh, dear!"

"Oh dear," exclaimed Jimmie. "I'll be late for school and get a bad mark. If we don't go down pretty soon."

"Perhaps, though I never tried it," Nurse Jane said. "But please bring me one from the florist. If you will, I will excuse me for asking," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "Have your overhauls worn out that the whizzing automobile had turned a somersault over the doodle-oo-dee-um. But, seeing that we are in the airship, I don't rightly know what has happened. At any rate we don't seem able to go up or down."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Jimmie. "I'll be late for school and get a bad mark. If we don't go down pretty soon."

"Oh, I see," Uncle Wiggly exclaimed. "Well, does the rubber plant stretch like a rubber band?"

"Yes," spoke the rabbit gentleman. "It is too bad. I wish—I have it," he suddenly cried. "The rubber plant, Jimmie! It will stretch, you know. Nurse Jane said so. Now you just take firm hold of it. I'll lower you the side of the airship and when the plant stretches, you will go down to the ground as gently as a feather bed."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly! Please! Wait! Stop! Take me with you, will you?" Looking down the rabbit gentleman saw, on the porch of the nesthouse in the tall pine tree, Jimmie Caw-Caw, the crow boy.

"Please take me for a ride," Jimmie begged.

"Don't you have to go to school?" asked the rabbit, making his airship stop slowly, like molasses.

"Yes, I ought to go to school, but I can't fly," spoke Jimmie. "I sprained my wing playing ball yesterday and I can't fly and I stepped on a piece of glass and cut my claw, so I can't hop, either."

"That's too bad," spoke Uncle Wiggly, kindly.

"So if you don't take me to school in your airship I can't see how I am going to get there," spoke Jimmie. "I was going to stay home. My sister Mary has gone and she is going to tell the lady mouse teacher I will not be there today. But I saw you coming in your airship and I thought you'd take me."

"Of course I will," cried Uncle Wiggly in a jolly voice. So he lowered his airship close to the porch of the nesthouse and Jimmie Caw-Caw, the crow boy, hopped in.

"I first have to go to the florist to get Nurse Jane a rubber plant," the rabbit gentleman explained, "and after that I'll take you to the hollow stump school, Jimmie. Will that do?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," replied the crow boy, looking to see if there were any bright and shiny things that he might hide. But all he saw was the whizzing electric fan on Uncle Wiggly's clothes, basket airship and the fan was going around so fast Jimmie knew he would hurt his bill if he tried to pick off any of the shiny blades.

"We are early anyhow," Uncle Wiggly, the crow boy said. "You need not hurry."

So the rabbit gentleman and the crow boy went on, sailing above the treetops and near the clouds toward the florist's to get the rubber plant.

Uncle Wiggly picked out a nice one for Nurse Jane said, putting it carefully on one of the sofa cushions in the airship, back he started with it, intending to let Jimmie Caw-Caw, the crow, off at the hollow stump school.

They were sailing along nicely as a basket of soap bubbles filled with ice cream comes, when all of a sudden something "Zing!" "That something went Zang!" And right after that if you will kindly believe what I am telling you, something else went "Zoon!"

The airship stopped and floated along in the air, just like a balloon that has lost its string.

"What's the matter?" asked Jimmie.

"I don't know," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "It's a mystery. The airship has stopped and is floating in the air, just like a balloon that has lost its string."

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## ABE MARTIN

Notin' succeeds like th' dandelion.

Money talks, but it never says where it's been or where it's going.

## SAYS EXECUTED GENERALS CARRIED MONEY TO U. S.

Brownsville, Tex., June 8.—In connection with an announcement that three generals and ten other Mexicans of the command of former provisional president Huerta Gutierrez had been executed, the Carranza army yesterday night stated the party was being sent by Gen. Gutierrez to the United States with 1,500,000 pesos which were to be used in organizing another revolution in Mexico.

The party was captured near Aldama by Carranza troops under Gen. Nafarrete and promptly executed. Among those killed were Gen. Eusebio Aguirre Benavides, Julian Delgado and Guillermo Moran.

## Cheer Up Talk

"YES, things are bully," says Willyum Woolly, who runs the ginseng store; "we keep things moving, and trade's improving, and no one should feel sore. I tell no hoary and whiskered story about my business cares, for I'm kept skipping—I've just been shipping three gross of Belgian hares. I know some dealers are chronic squealers, they grieve and grunt and groan, and people shopping don't like such yawping—they've troubles of their own. They bring their money to one whose sunny and hopeful line of bunk inspires the dealer, so I get nearer the buyer's hard earned plunk. Persuaded fully," says Col. Woolly, "that our things draw no flies, I keep on grinning, in manner, winning, and find the scheme is wise. We smile and rustle, the watchword's 'hustle' around this moral cop, and trade is humming; the folks keep coming to buy my birds' nest soup."

There's naught, I'm guessing, much more distressing than Granchy Merchant's place, where clerks and bosses seem total losses, with tears on every face. What though your troubles be thick as stubbles when harvesting is done? Be cheerful liars when earnest buyers come in to blow their mon.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

## Beautiful Pecos Valley and Plains Country Offer Opportunities To El Paso Merchants

BY JULIA A. SHARP.

BEGINNING at Clovis, where the Santa Fe branches into the Pecos valley, south to Carlsbad, the scene is one of rare beauty. The ranges are in fine condition, the stock is all looking well and cowmen and ranchers alike are jubilant over the outlook for this year.

Fortunes is a pretty little town, the stock is all looking well and cowmen and ranchers alike are jubilant over the outlook for this year. The tourist travel is heavy in the Pecos valley and in a short time the weary traveler will gaze with pleasure upon the approaches to Fortunes, as the heads for 11 miles each way are being set with shade trees.

Roswell is at its best at this time of year. The residences would grace a city of many times its size and each residence has a yard that is gay with flowers and vines and with great rolling lawns. The streets are set on either side with shade trees and everywhere the vivid green of trees and vines meets the eye. The federal and county buildings are splendid architectural examples. A bumper fruit crop is expected this year and apple lovers will appreciate this statement, as some of the finest apples in the United States come from Roswell. The stores are up-to-date in every way and fully one-third of the families have automobiles.

From Fortunes to Carlsbad, the trip is a pleasure to beauty lovers. Everywhere the green fields rest the eye, artesian wells sport their cooling sprays, and blossoms from the clover, alfalfa and fruit trees perfume the air. The roads are in fine condition despite the heavy snows and rains of the past winter.

At Carlsbad one feels they have reached the Garden of Eden. As the train approaches the town, all one can see is magnificent trees, their great green boughs offering rest and quiet to the weary. Every street is a "Law of the Land" and the boughs of the trees meeting overhead. Scarcely is there a house that is not surrounded with lawns, all well kept and smooth as velvet.

At seven a. m. the call was made for Lovington and this meant an auto ride of 115 miles. Great stretches of range were passed through and white-faced Herefords were seen everywhere. There are several very successful dry farmers out in that direction and the fields are beginning to put on their summer dress of green.

Lovington is a small place of only about 200 and yet there are one hundred families in the town and surrounding country who get their mail in Lovington. Autos are seen on every side, many of the ranchers owning two or three. Cattle and sheep are the principle products and are all in fine condition. Many stockmen lost heavily during the last winter and yet they smile over the outlook for the fall crop.

On one ranch I saw about 3000 sheep ready for the shearer. It was estimated that each would yield at least 6-8 pounds of wool, which is selling for from 24 to 26 cents per pound. The owners have been offered \$4 per head.

Young boys and girls, even men and women grown old, like companionship cannot resist the temptation of a ride out in that direction and the fields are full of cold brooklets with a healthy full of live bats and nothing else living in such a large one of seven.

People want genuine, good fellowship and they are going to have it. I don't care what the preachers say, if they can't get it in some part of the country elsewhere.

EL PASO HERALD.

Editor El Paso Herald: Referring to last Thursday's Herald, the article by J. L. Campbell is not worked like the utterances of an average neutral. American citizen. The paragraph is a sample of extreme one-sidedness. His nearest approach to neutrality is found in the third paragraph, where he would have "rattled Germany to capture the Lusitania, remove the people from her and sink her." No doubt, that would have been the best for all concerned, but one thing is certain, the destruction of the Lusitania was not intended as a matter of offense to any nation on earth, except the belligerent enemies of Germany, who calls it a matter of defense, and who must regret the loss of non-combatants' lives from a humanitarian standpoint, of which one part of the world accuses it, as well as from a

standpoint of policy, to which all concede. What nation welcomes a drawback to an otherwise successful "self"? As far as I know, I don't know J. L. Campbell may be one of the Who's Who in our land, who has "this to say to the American citizen, who calls himself a German-American," and the alien "guest within our gates," but what he has to say is merely what the German-American already knows and feels.

In a war between his native and his adopted country, the loyal German-American would, if called upon, shoulder his gun and go, in some cases, perhaps, with a heavy heart, to fight against his native land.

In the present instance, however, no matter how loyal he felt to the land of his adoption, he would, if called upon to fight, feel less like he was fighting for America than that he was merely helping the enemies of Germany crush her out of national existence. In fact, he would feel that those enemies, and principally her most relentless enemy, had merely horrified the Stars and Stripes, under which he was enrolled, the colors of the country, which gave him a living to fight the country which gave him birth, to ruin an end in which they alone were to be benefited.

If that feeling is in his breast would he be more native stupidity and native prejudice, then blame him, if you can. Furthermore, if the president of the United States were to call on him to issue a proclamation for his special benefit, he would honor and give reverence to his words as promptly and obey as implicitly as the American-born or any other naturalized citizen.

I am a person of no consequence or authority, but I am an American citizen, have been for nearly 40 years and I believe Uncle Sam can "lick any nation on earth," and if the native-born and the naturalized citizens of the United States were to drop their loyalty and become enemies of the United States, actively siding or abetting their native country in a war, the additional task of having to take care of foodstuffs at home, whilst fighting abroad, would not make any difference or much difference, however unpleasant to the afore-said Uncle Sam or to the time or influence the final result of the whole unpleasantness.

A Subscriber.

## The Daily Novellette

THE TIGHTWAD.

IT may have been true that Siworth Squeaker was so mean that he robbed other people's babies' banks because he had no baby of his own, but it was also true that he was strictly a man of his word.

Never had he told an untruth, and as for lying, that would have been a physical impossibility.

As our story opens, Squeaker is walking along Barron boulevard with the fair Esmeralda, who has just made him the happiest tightwad in the world by promising to become his wife.

Then two raindrops fell in rapid succession on Siworth Squeaker's nose. "There is only one explanation," cried Esmeralda. "It must be raining. Darling, I have on my new cape de Hixmuth—it will be ruined! Call a taxi!"

"I will!" he promised before he remembered that, being strictly a man of his word, he would have to make good, cost what it may.

"Wait until the protection of this telegraph pole," he told her, and dashed off. Three blocks away, 17 taxicabs were waiting to be summoned. Siworth Squeaker rushed by them, for he had thought of a way. Half a mile further on there wasn't a taxi in sight or sound of one.

"Taxi!" bellowed Siworth Squeaker. "Taxi!"

"Well," he reflected, "I've called one, anyway. It's not my fault if it doesn't answer."

And he returned to walk the fair Esmeralda home through the damp rain.

## U. S. TRANSPORT TAKES REFUGEES TO FOOD TO FLEE REFUGEES

Galveston, Texas, June 8.—Loaded with food for the refugees who are now leaving Mexico City for Veracruz, the United States transport ship, Buford, sailed late Monday for Veracruz. Returning, the transport will bring many combatants' lives from a humanitarian standpoint, of which one part of the world accuses it, as well as from a

U. S. TRANSPORT TAKES REFUGEES TO FOOD TO FLEE REFUGEES



INDOOR SPORTS.

TELLING THE GANG AT THE OFFICE WHAT A SWELL WITNESS YOU WERE